

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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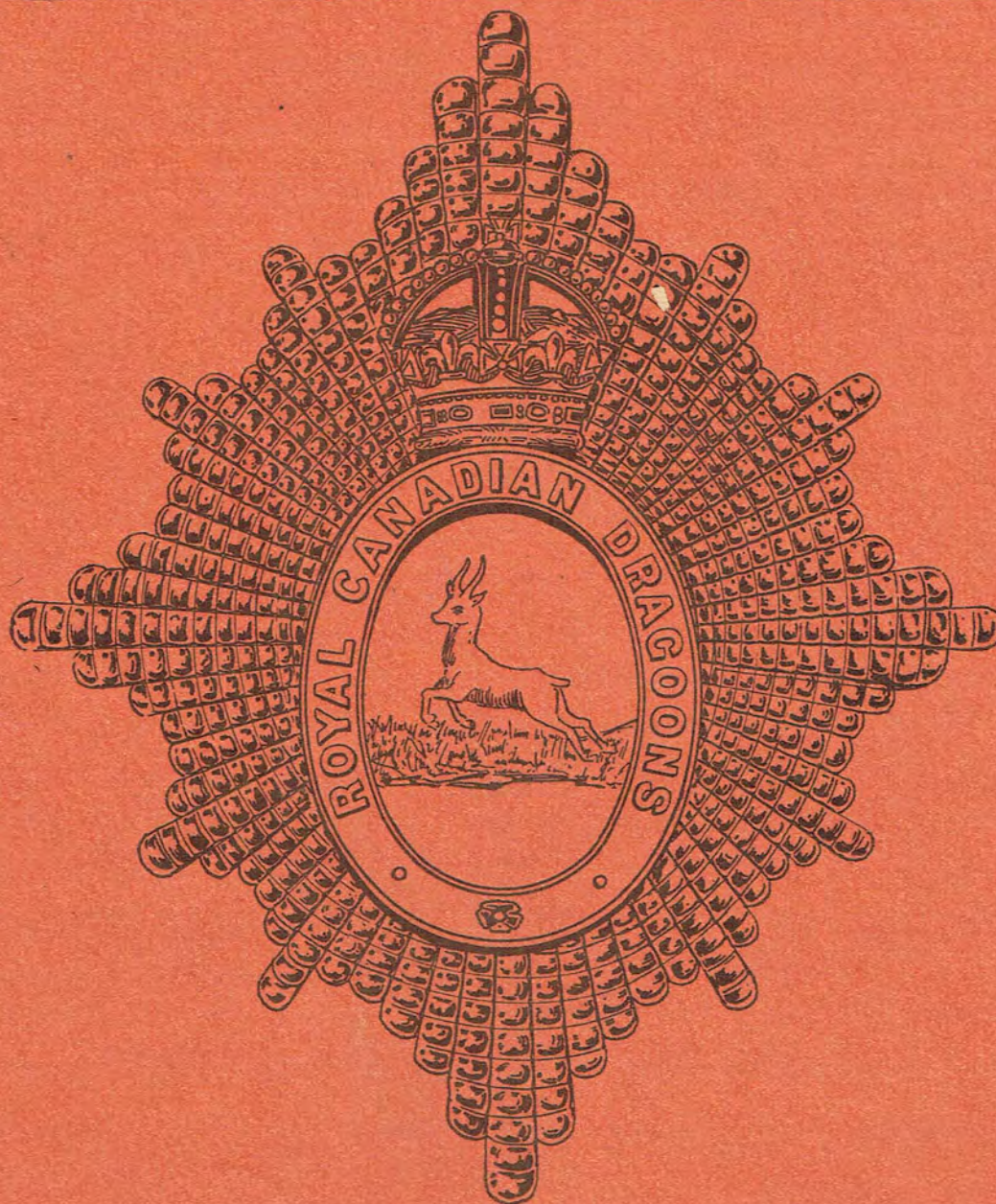
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MAJOR-GENERAL HERBERT CYRIL THACKER
Chief of the General Staff.

The son of the Major-General John Thacker of the old Bombay Staff Corps. Born at Poona, Bombay Presidency, 16th September, 1870. Educated Upper Canada College and R.M.C., Kingston. Commissioned N.P.M. — 19th St. Catharines Regiment. Lieut. R.C.A., 10th Oct., 1893, Captaincy by brevet same date. Captain, R.C.A. 1st Mar. 1901; Major, 1st May 1905; Lt.-Col., 1st May, 1911; Colonel (brevet), 1st Sept. 1915, and Major-General, 4th May 1921.

Selected in 1904 (after having passed with distinction the Gunnery Staff Course at Shoeburyness) to accompany Japanese Army as Military Attache. Awarded Japanese War Medal and Order of the Sacred Treasure, 4th Class. Served as Staff Officer to Lieut-Col. C. W. Drury in South African War. Received Queen's medal with three clasps. Was Director of Artillery at Militia H.Q. from Nov. 1907 to May, 1911. May 1st 1911, promoted Lt.-Col., Commanding the R.C.A. at Halifax and at the same time held appointments of Commandant of Royal School of Artillery, Coast Defence and Inspector of Coast Defence Artillery. October 1914, Commanded Royal Canadian Artillery in addition to his other duties. 5th November, 1914, Commanded 2nd Canadian Divisional Artillery, Promoted temporary Brig-Gen. in C.E.F. from May 26th 1915. Transferred to command of 1st C.D.A. in France, Continued in command for the remainder of war and withdrawal from Rhine in 1919. Mentioned seven times in Despatches; C.B., the C.M.G. and D.S.O. — also 1914-15 Star, British War Medal and Victory Medal. Following war assumed command of Military District No. 6 with H.Q. at Halifax, until 1st April 1927 when he went to Ottawa as Acting Deputy Chief of the General Staff and took up the appointment of Chief of the General Staff 1st June.

EXTRACT FROM REGIMENT-AL ORDER NO. 86

Appointment

On the death of Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General V.A.S. Williams, C.M.G., is being appointed as his successor.

The following extracts of a letter received from Major-General, V. A. S. Williams is published for information,—

"I am of course delighted and very proud to think that this honour has been conferred on me and I assure you I reciprocate beyond words your kind remarks, so well expressed in your letter now under reply.

I assure you that my services will always be available insofar as the interests of the Royal Canadian Dragoons are concerned and will you please always bear this in mind.

I look forward to the future with the keenest pleasure as I shall now feel that the interests of the Regiment are my interest, and will you kindly so inform the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men, and I thank you for your kind expressions expressed on behalf of all ranks of the Regiment."

Personal & Regimental

St. Johns

S.S.M.I. F. Wardell and Sgt. Inst. Hallett have been transferred from Toronto and are now in St. Johns. P.Q.

S.S.M. J. G. Attfield, R.C.E., who has been transferred from Halifax arrived in St. Johns, with his family on October 1st and is living in town at 21 Frontenac St. He takes over the duties of Foreman of Works and we take much pleasure in welcoming him and his family to Cavalry Barracks.

Tpr. Ellis purchased his discharge on the 10th inst. "The Jockey" was a great favourite in barracks and we are sorry to lose him. Best of luck, Albert.

Tprs. Barry, Whitelaw and Lomas also were discharged this month.

A sixteen file Musical Ride is proceeding to Amherst, N.S. on the 25th of October to ensure the success of the Maritime Winter Fair. We hope the boys enjoy the black tea for which Nova Scotia is famous.

Major R. S. Timmis and Capt. L. D. Hammond are at present in Toronto with the International Jumping Team. We wish them success.

Tpr. (Ginger) Jennings has rejoined the Phat School in St. Johns. His term in Toronto didn't improve him, in phat respect.

Col. Hill, Director of Personal Services, Ottawa, paid a visit to the Barracks during the month. Also we were pleased to see Capt. Drury.

Sgt. Jewkes and family have moved into the quarters vacated by Pte. Mellish. This will be convenient arrangement for Sgt. Jewkes in his work connected with the pub.

CAVALRY BARRACKS DANCE CLUB.

The club opened their season on Friday, Oct. 14th when a very successful dance was held in the gymnasium. On account of the break-up, at the end of the last season, of the Barracks Orchestra, Mr. Louis Boisvert's Orchestra provided the music and judging by the number of encores demanded, was much appreciated. The hall had previously been decorated by the committee and everything was in readiness when the first party arrived at 9 p.m.

Some 160 people were present among whom we noted Capt. Bertheau, our O.C., Capt. and Mrs. Balders; Mr. V. Cleary; Miss Wylie, R.C.A.M.C., S. M. and Mrs. Brown; Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Pout; Mr. and Mrs. Churchward; Miss G. Seale; Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell and we were especially glad to see our popular padre, Rev. F. Coulthurst and Mrs. Coulthurst.

Dancing continued until 2 a.m. The schedule for the coming season is as follows:

Oct. 28th, after that the 1st and 3rd Friday of each succeeding month.

We would again remind our many friends that they should not delay in applying to the Sec'y. for their cards of honorary membership.

Brig-Gen'l. King C.M.G., D.S.O., D.O.C., M.D., No. 4 carried out his annual inspection of Cavalry Barracks, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18th and 19th. After his inspection of the R.C.D.'s he presented Sgt. Neeves with the Long Service Medal.

Toronto Notes.

The troops returned to Stanley Barracks from Petawawa Camp on the 1st Sept. arriving at the Exhibition Siding about noon. The Canadian National Exhibition was in full swing and our unloading provided an additional attraction for the thousands who were viewing the exhibits.

Owing to the extension to the exhibition grounds, Stanley Barracks is now completely surrounded by the Exhibition, and we felt very much like "Exhibit A" of the Midway. Considerable difficulty was experienced by our civilian friends, by taxis and by civilians employed in Barracks, in gaining entrance to the grounds.

The construction of the new Eastern entrance to the Exhibition the roadway of which passes over the ground where our riding school and old stables used to stand, has necessitated many changes. The old Engineers Stores have been demolished and they are now located in the block which use to be the married quarters south of the hospital "B" Sqn. Orderly Room and Q.M. Stores buildings have been taken down and their contents moved to the rooms over the regimental orderly room and stores. The new stables where the fire occurred last winter have been repaired and the old stables have been moved and placed parallel to the new stables between them and the Exhibition roller coaster, whilst the riding school has been moved beyond the gymnasium parallel to the Exhibition fence. The moving of these two buildings must have been rather a big undertaking. The forage barn has yet to be shifted and placed north of the stables and the whole area gravelled. A wire fence has been erected in front of the lawn south of the Officers' Mess and by the north east portion of the enclosure. The forge stands alone in its glory outside of the fence. The result of the whole is that our stables, riding school etc., are now located in a much more compact and suitable lay-out than in the past, which should greatly facilitate the interior economy of stable routine, added to this the electric wiring has been newly

installed, and we hope soon to see a fresh coat of paint on all the wooden buildings. The roadway through barracks is no longer to be a public highway.

The Canadian National Exhibition was bigger and better than ever, and although they failed to reach the two million mark, nevertheless all previous attendance records were shattered. The Horse Show was exceptionally good this year, with large and well filled entries, and we regret that we were unable to enter as we did not return from Petawawa until it was half over.

"B" Squadron supplied a 32 file Musical Ride which formed the conclusion of the Jubilee Pageant "Canada" in front of the Grand Stand, and many favourable comments were heard regarding it. Six of our "rougher riders" acted as Royal North West Mounted Policemen who put the attacking Indians to rout during an early Settlers scene of the pageant.

Toronto

The Band of the Royal 22nd Regiment from Quebec, under the direction of Captain O'Neil gave a series of concerts at the Canadian National Exhibition. During their stay in Toronto; they were quartered at Stanley Barracks, and needless to say we were delighted to have them with us.

When Major Caldwell arrived from Winnipeg he brought with him his red setter "Nora." Nora proceeded straight to the Dog Show at the exhibition where she won first in her class and also a championship award.

Old Comrades Notes.

The officers at Stanley Barracks were delighted to receive a visit from Capt. A. A. "Burglar" Bray last month.

The "Burglar" looked hail and hearty, and although he is an ardent supporter of the City of Chicago, Ill., he expressed himself as being greatly impressed with the success of the administration of the new Ontario Liquor Control Board. He was accompanied on



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his visit to Barracks by Shrimp Cochrane and we only regret that their stay was all too short.

Captain and Mrs. W. J. Whitehead, from Three Rivers, P.Q., spent several days in Toronto last month and attended the races at the Woodbine.

We note from recent Militia Orders that Captain F. H. Wilkes, late R.C.D., and now a member of the Governor General's Body Guard, has been awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal.

Our reporter has learned that during the summer Lieut. P. F. Arnoldi was married to Mrs. Phyllis Fraser, daughter of Major General and Mrs. Victor Williams. May we on behalf of all Old Comrades of the Regiment wish them every happiness.

Bytown Bits.

School closes:—With the advent of fall days and cool nights the Canadian Small Arms School at Connaught Ranges closed down for the season the last of September. The courses this year have been well attended and Lieut. Col. W. K. Walker, the Commandant is well pleased with the work done by the staff and the pupils. The camp was a busy one all summer for besides the regular cavalry camp, there were seven infantry units in camp and also one Machine Gun Company. The new C Wing covering Gas was instituted and brought a number of officers back who had previously been there at the A and B wing courses.

To be Inspected:—The G.G.F.-G. are getting ready for their annual inspection, which is to be held the latter part of the month. With this event all units at Ottawa will have been given their annual once over. The Ordnance people are getting ready for their check up and Commanding Officers and Quartermasters are revarnishing their usual excuses for shortages, etc.

Goes to Duty:—I was glad to learn that Captain S.C. Bate has recovered from his recent smash up and that he has returned to duty at Toronto. It would seem that 27 is not the lucky number for Stew and he should watch all combinations of that number. There is of course such a thing as

a perfect 27. What's that?

Cavalry Meet:—The annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Ass'n was held on Oct. 3rd and 4th at Ottawa and was attended by officers from Calgary to P.E. Island. The meetings were held in the P.L.D.G. mess and on the evening of the 4th there was a dinner party at the Rivermead Golf club at which Major Generals MacBrien, Thacker and Panet were present. The cavalry had a good two days discussion and numerous resolutions were passed and forwarded to the department for a little more action. The election of officers resulted in Colonel Ibbotson Leonard D.S.O., London being reelected President, and Major F. B. Inkster, Ottawa the Secretary, Major E. A. Devitt becomes the Assistant Secretary and Colonel R. M. Courtney the treasurer. The meeting for 1928 will be held in St. John N.B.

Attended Meeting:—Among those present at the meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association were:—Major C. E. Deevy, L.S.H., Calgary Col. H. C. A. Hervey, 5th Mtd. Brigade Cavalry, Colonel G. L. Greenlay, Sask. Col. A. L. Young, Souris, Lieut. Col. C. A. Handcock Prescott, Col. Sandford Smith and Col. Walter Denison, and Major D. B. Bowie, Toronto, and numerous others.

MUSICAL RIDE AT ORILLIA, ONTARIO.

"B" Squadron furnished a 16 file Ride under the supervision of Capt. Wood, for the Orillia Fall Fair held Sept. 16th and 17th.

The Ride left Toronto 10 a.m. arriving at Orillia about noon. The stables allotted were those of Anderson's Livery which were very bright, clean and afforded every possible means of making and keeping the horses comfortable.

The Y.M.C.A. was placed at our disposal for sleeping accommodation the gym being used for our sleeping quarters, but the greatest attraction of all was the excellent swimming tank, which needless to mention was put to the very best of use at all times by all ranks.

On the opening day the ride was put on in the afternoon and also a bare back wrestling bout, which afforded many laughs. At the call of time three men were still mounted on "A" team, against one, Tpr. Searle of "B" team, who deserves great credit for his sticking ability. After the ride in the evening a Balachava Melee was staged.

On Saturday we paraded through the streets headed by the Orillia Band, who incidentally supplied the music for the ride. The ride in the afternoon was as usual well received, as also were exhibition of jumping and tent pegging.

We expected to return to Toron.

to at 4.15 a.m. on Sunday but owing to the popularity of the ride and the large attendance at the Fair, arrangements were made to hold us over until Monday, and to have us put on an extra perform-

(Continued on page 16)

CHICAGO NOTES.

By Major Nordheimer

THE TUNNEY—DEMPSEY FIGHT

Soldiers' Field Chicago, Ill. Hour about nine-fifty, Thursday evening Sept. 22nd, 1927. Imagine yourself in the tenth row of the ringside seats eagerly gazing at the far entrance from the dressing rooms, through which the stars of the main bout are shortly scheduled to appear. Around you a vast sea of faces white and tense in the glare of the high powered lamps over the ring; further back a black indistinguishable mass of people, stretching as far as the eye could see; 168,000 fans assembled from the length and breadth of the continent and even beyond the seas, to witness the second trial of strength endurance and skill between Gene Tunney, the fighting scholarly marine, Heavyweight Champion of the World, and Jack Dempsey, the sensational "come-back" ex-champion, commonly and deservedly known as "The Manassa Mauler".

Supposing you to be a spectator at this great gathering, you have been through the varied intricate problems which presented themselves to you, from the very first time you decided that even if you had to hock "your father's gold tooth pick set, you were **Going to See the Fight!** You had used all the "pull" and cash you could get together and finally, after varying degrees of hope and despondency, your tickets arrived. Having had dinner early, you had taken your "flier" and started about 6.30 p.m. for Soldiers' Field. At the first barrier about a mile from the field, you had been stopped by the traffic arbitrator, and told to park your car in any of the parking spaces within a radius of five miles or more. After much effort you had managed to push a car further along the line and wedge into the space near a hydrant. Joining the now ever increasing mob, you had half walked half run to the West Entrance of Soldiers' Field. Here ticket booths for late arrivals did a good trade and genuine seats marked \$40 could be had for \$17.50. Specula-

tors did a poor trade because there were plenty of good seats to be had at greatly reduced, instead of increased, prices. Now you were through the entrance and had had your ticket examined and passed on by the Chief Inspector at the gate.

Having little difficulty in finding your section and aisle, you were met by a neatly attired usher who conducted you to your seat without half the pushing and crowding you experienced in any popular Movie Theatre. The seats are not comfortable but passingly serviceable and you settle down to enjoy or tolerate the preliminary bouts, six in number. The vast amphitheatre is rapidly filling up and before the first bout is over it is impossible to see a vacant space within the circle of light. Within this "White Way," made possible by 36 incandescent lamps in a space 200 yards square sit the wealth and beauty of the United States. At your right a few rows away, sits Charles M. Schwab; a few chairs to the rear sits Harold Lloyd; a little to the left is H. S. Vanderbilt, with his English guest the Marquis of Blandford. Around you as far as you can see are W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, H. H. Simmons, President of the New York Stock Exchange; Will Hays; Al Jolson; George M. Cohen; Gloria Swanson; Walter Chrysler; William B. Leeds and many others, prominent in the fashionable, business and theatrical world. Many women are among the vast crowd and the ringside area is dotted with fashionably gowned representatives of the fair sex, many of whom had been hostesses to the genial Gene.

At last the preliminaries are over tedious 24 rounds of fighting without a knockdown. A roar of applause breaks out as four white sweated men climb through the ropes and adjust the canvas. Fresh rosin is sprinkled on the floor and the ring is ready. Suddenly a terrific roar shakes the stadium, a small group of men appear moving down the aisle and as they near we distinguished the challenge,

—Jack Dempsey swathed in a huge flannel robe with his initials in black letters on the front. He climbs into the ring and walks over and shake hands with some friends. He looks very solemn and dances in his corner with his eyes on the canvas. Sharkey was introduced to the crowd as was Jim Jeffries and Paulino the Beezrk of the Basque. Again a roar breaks out and here comes Gene Tunney in a robe of dark blue, given him by the Marines at Philadelphia last year. Dempsey meets him as he climbs through the ropes and they shake hands but do not look in each other's eyes. Dave Barry, former fighter, enters the ring having been chosen to referee. Dempsey and Tunney both remove their robes, the former wearing black trunks with red edging, the latter white. Jack looks in good shape but Gene looks a bit fat around the waist. A hush has fallen over the vast assembly and every eye is focused on the two figures in the ring. The bell rings and the fight of the century is on.

Jack walks out and misses a hard punch which almost swings him off his feet. Both are sparing carefully. Gene is watching Jack who circles round him. There was very little action in the earlier rounds, the 1st being even, the 2nd and 3rd, Dempsey's. The 4th round uncovered the "fighting Marine," Tunney peppered Dempsey with the one-two punches and stood toe to toe with him. Dempsey played continuously for the body, while Tunney lead for Jack's face. Gene rushed Jack to the ropes and jabbed him with right and lefts to the face. Dempsey was groggy as the bell rang and it was the Champion's round by a mile. In the clinches, Dempsey is using the illegal "rabbit punch" and Tunney's seconds are calling Barry's attention to it frequently. Dempsey looks more tired than Tunney, who so far has shown more inclination to mix it up than he did at Philadelphia, drawing repeated warnings from Billy Gibson, his Manager, to "take it easy." The bell rings again and round five is a repetition of round four. Jack keeps boring and weaving, but Gene shoots' straight lefts at his face coming in ties his arm in the clinches and dances away. Round six is on now; Jack rushes out to meet Gene, more aggressive than before and they go into a clinch. Jack rocks Gene with two hard rights to the body. Gene misses a one-two punch and a right cross. Jack again comes in weaving and plug-

ging away at the Champion's body which is now quite red. Tunney's left eye is slightly cut and he is breathing hard. It was Dempsey's round. Scarcely had we settled back and removed our hand from the shoulder of the man in front when the seventh round started and things began to hum. As if to atone for his let-up in the previous round, Tunney waited for Jack and missed lefts to the face leaving himself wide open; quick as a flash Jack was in, driving a terrific right to the body. Tunney drove two vicious blows to Jack's face as he again came in but took a hard left hook to the jaw and went down. What a roar went up, everyone is shouting and Barry is pushing Dempsey to a neutral corner. Gene is half sitting-half hanging on to the ropes; at the count of five he looks at Gibson who shakes his head, Jack stands off glowering and shaking his head, none to strong himself. Here and there you hear shouts of "Get up, Gene, you can do it." At nine Gene looks at Barry and is on his feet as Barry's arm goes up for the fatal ten. Immediately Dempsey comes to meet him and Gene backs away Dempsey following. Gene runs back and Jack, realizing his legs won't carry him, stands in the middle of the ring and motions Gene to "Come On." Gene stays away and the bell rings just as the Champion fully recovered delivers a right and left to Dempsey's jaw.

Round Eight starts fast but we soon see that Gene is himself again while Jack is obviously tiring. Jack bores and tries for the body. Tunney counters and opens a cut over Jack's eye. Jack staggers Gene with two lefts to the body and Gene goes to the ropes. What a slugging match it has become. Gene is fighting Dempsey style and has thrown caution to the winds. He takes another left to the body and rips a right upper cut to Dempsey's jaw and Jack is down. Another roar but he's up again and they mix it furiously as the bell rings. Between this round and the next you whisper to the man in front that you did not mean to punch him on the head but got excited. He takes it good naturedly, being half soused with "Moonshine" purchased on the grounds for ten dollars a pint. Here we go into round nine. Jack starts with a rush, weaving and boring, the snarling Mauler baulked of his prey. Tunney landed a hard right behind the ear and rushed Jack to the ropes. Dempsey's face is covered with blood

and his knees are beginning to sag. He rushes again and again but each time takes from 3 to 6 blows in succession. Gene scored with two hard overhead rights to Jack's yes and the fight is over unless a lucky punch from Dempsey brings Gene down. All around people are yelling "knock him out, Gene." Most of them yelled the same words in round seven to Dempsey. Round ten is a repetition of round nine. Gene was trying desperately for a knockout but couldn't get it. Jack's face was cut to ribbons and his knees were sagging. Tunney landed two lefts to the jaw and Jack almost went down. Only courage and will power kept him up. Here comes the bell and the fight is over, Tunney wins, but how close he came to losing will never be known.

Personally, I believe that Tunney could have got up at the count of five which would have been nine, had the time-keeper counted correctly. Dempsey made a mistake in not rushing him when he did get up but was so much "all in" from the punishment he took, coming in for the knock-down blow that he couldn't get going. He was slow in going to the corner designated by the Referee, but it was his brain that was inactive. Tun-

ney fought more than boxed and took chances in trading punches with Dempsey which very few thought he would do. Had he fought a long range fight, he would have won in a walk on points but, like a true champion, he showed the public he was game, could give and take punishment and never said one word of complaint during the fight about the illegal "rabbit punches" Dempsey used continually in the clinches. It may be that a return match will again be arranged but nothing could improve Jack sufficiently to be able to gain a decision over Tunney and I rather believe that a 15 round bout would see Gene win by a knock-out. The following figures may be of interest.

Attendance	\$ 168,000
Receipts	280,000
Tunney's Purse	900,000
Dempsey's Purse	450,000
Federal Tax	280,000
State Tax	252,000
Rental of Stadium	100,000
Expenses	100,000
Rickard clears	718,000

Jack: How long should an engagement last?

Jill: Till the couple get married.

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TORONTO

The Yarns of "Hell's Bells" O'Neil

The Woman Who Reformed the Squadron.

(By James Warner Bellah)

Courtesy of Goblin

"Pass me the bottle," says "Hell's Bells" O'Neil, "and let us pray for the souls who land downwind. I've seen many strange things in my life, but I never yet saw a war that could be run properly after the women get any nearer the hangars than the Rue d'Amiral Courbet. It all happened while the Major was away. He was a hard-boiled lobster that Major, but he'd had his shell cracked by a couple of 'emma gee' steel jackets, so he was playing his poker in Ward C at Etaples for the nonce. For my part, I'd been up visiting a sick friend in Paris who had had a relapse, so I wasn't around either when it happened.

"Well, I bust into the drom about four pip emma hungry as a chorus girl in an expensive restaurant, and dirty as a sloppy louse. I leave 'Sarah' at the hangars and steam up to the mess-shack on high, looking for a smoke and a meal. For a moment I think I'm in the wrong place. First of all, it's all newly painted inside and there is white curtains at the windows and a carpet on the floor. Then I see MacPherson's ugly face and I know I'm home. 'Leaping Moses!' I snort. 'Give us a smoke Mac.'

"Shh!" he hisses. 'Stop your swearing and wipe yer feet on the mat there!'

"'Yeh!' I says. 'Pardon me for busting into your bourdior, but who the hell is acting O.C. here anyway? Have you got a cigarette or haven't you?'

"'Shh!' he hisses. 'You can't smoke here, man!'

"'Say!' I yelps, 'my wings aren't on my shoulder blades. I leave this squadron five minutes and it stuffs a handkerchief up its sleeve. What's the idea?'

"'You'll see,' he says. And I did.

"Right then and there the door opens and I never seen such a sight in my life. In come the boys with their best white cord britches on, their belts polished and their hair soaped down and three or four of them had even gone so far as to wash their necks! In the midst of them is a woman. She's a dapper little girl with yellow hair. She's all tricked out in Hotel Cecil blue and gold, which was that ice cream uniform Bolo House invented after they ruined the Royal Flying Corps by mixing

it with one part Navy and two parts ground generals. Well, the gold bands on this girl says 'Captain' and right away I see the yellow hair says 'Good-bye Squadron. I liked to of swooned. Mac bum-rushes me out the back way to wash up. 'She's here in charge of the lady truck drivers, he says, 'and there ain't anything to do but pray. All the gang's in love with her, and the place looks like a dancing school on graduation night. They ain't taking no more interest in the war than a staff captain. They don't drink or smoke or swear any more and half of them is carrying pocket combs and handkerchiefs.

"'MacPherson,' I says, 'get me four drinks and a rifle.'

"'No good,' he says. 'She rates the mess 'cause she ranks as a captain and the boys did all this themselves. They'll be painting the ships pink next and sewing Brussels lace borders on their trailing edges. This is the worst complicated war I was ever in. It ain't safe, nor moral nor decent any more.'

"'By the spavined hind leg of a duck!' I says, 'the shock'll kill the Major.'

"'Yeh,' he says 'You're right. I took me a bath meself over it yesterday.'

"'She's gotta go, before he gets back; that's all there is to it,' I says, but she didn't.

"The next three weeks was hell. The boys gave up vingty-one and took up euchre. Also the favourite cuss words was 'lands-sakes alive' and 'dear, dear me' and 'merciful heaven.' Half of them was drinking milk and the other half was knitting wristlets for soldiers. The flying felt off so much they wouldn't of shot a Hun if they found him in their own sleeping bags. MacPherson was shaving every three days and the mess sergeant was wearing white pants and serving all the meals from clean plates. I began to feel like I was running a girls' boarding school, and 220 Squadron, our old whiskey comrades sends over a note asking how O'Neil's Petticoat Circus was coming along and would we like two lumps of lemon and could we give them a good recipe for cup cake and there was a lovely bargain in pink lace guimpes at Au Printemps and a lotta other things that an officer and a

temporary gentleman wouldn't repeat even to a brigadier general. Well, I was just looking around for another war to get me a job in, when the Major comes back from Etaples. I grab him and sit him down in the Flight Office. 'Listen, Joe,' I says. 'I gotta shock for you. The squadron's gone suffragette and there's hell to pay. We got an officer skirt dumped on us from Bolo House, and—and —'

"'Yeh?' he yells. 'Don't tell me the rest, I've read a book. Bring her in while I sack her, and get Wing H.Q. on the phone while I ask 'em politely what it is they want me to run down here.'

"Well, I beat it out and send in this lady captain and round up my convoy of Don Juans for a little sky-flying over to the Cambrai grounds. I get back at dusk and beat it down to the Major's shack to hear the story. He's standing before a shaving mirror with a pair of white cord britches on and a clean shirt and he's sort of polishing off his hair with a couple of combs and a bottle of French grease.

"'Is she gone!' I asks politely

"'Well, ummmm,' he says, 'er, to be quite frank, no.' Then he sort of wiggles a bit. 'You see, she seems to be quite a capable young woman, and besides I couldn't very well send her away to-night, could I? Rather awkward.'

'I smiles at him, sort of coy. He wiggles some more. 'All right I says. 'Button up your coat, Padre, and come on over to the Mess. Me and MacPherson is having a farewell dinner. We just heard they're a couple of squadrons with hair on their chests down in the Vosges. We got our pride, we have.'

"'Yeh?' he says. 'Well, let me tell you, O'Neil, I'm major here and when I say she's a damn fine woman, I mean it!'

Harker: "Maud is a splendid organiser."

Parker: "What work did she get out of you?"

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Sergeant's Mess Banquet.

On Friday, Sept. 30th, a most successful banquet and concert was held at the Station Sergeants Mess.

The Guest of Honour was Sgt. Major J. H. Dowdell who is being transferred to Toronto after twenty years, service at St. Johns, Sgt. Major R. J. Brown was in the chair. Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Capt. R. E. Balder, M.C., Capt. G. F. Berteau, Major F. Sawers, F.C., and Capt. L. D. Hammond were present.

The Senior Service was represented by eight Petty Officers of

H.M.S. Capetown, namely Chief Engine Room Artificer P. Dahill, Chief Yeoman, E. T. George, Chief P.O. Dierges, Chief P. O. Gibson, P. O. Hoy, Chief Telegrapher, S. Bray, Chief Stoker Skinner all of the Royal Navy, and Sgt. Burbidge Royal Marines.

A handsome club bag, the gift of the members of the Sergeants' Mess was presented by Major Timmis to Sgt. Major Dowdell.

The Cups won at the annual Sergeants Shoot were also presented as follows:—Honorary members Aggregate Cup—Sgt. Major R. J. Brown, Dow Rapid Fire Cup—Sgt. Major J. H. Dowdell, d'Orsennens Cup—Sgt. Major R. J. Brown.

The banquet was followed by an excellent concert programme in which the sea breezes were much in evidence.

The Piece de Resistance of the evening was undoubtedly the reply to The Toast, "The Royal Navy" by C. E. R. A. "Paddy" Hill whose spontaneous Irish wit was appreciated by roars of merriment from all present.

The entertainment continued well into the small hours of the morning the Royal Navy being bedded down at about 3 a.m.

The excellent cooking of Tpr. W. Manning and the efficient table service under the supervision of Tpr. W. G. Whitelaw, were much appreciated by the sixty or more Members and Honorary Members present.

The members of the Station Sergeants Mess desire to express their appreciation of the kindness of the following individuals and firms who donated Prizes for competition at the annual Sergeants Shoot:—

The R.C.D. Canteen, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Montreal; The Canadian Legion; The W. C. Macdonald Co., Montreal; Mr. L. E. Martel; The St. Johns News; Mr. Syd Pout; Dr. Gervais; The Troy Laundry; The Charles Gurd Co., Ltd. Montreal; Mr. Windsor; Spalding Ltd., Montreal; Messrs. Gunns, Ltd., Montreal; The Canadian Packing Co., Montreal; The National Drug Co., Montreal; Har grafts, Ltd. Montreal; The Rexall Drug Store; Bernard and Son; The Southern Canada Power, Co., Mr. Pinsonnault; Regnier's Drug Store; Mr. P. O'Cain; Latour and Dupuis.

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YANKS

O'Leary, from Chicago, and a first-class fightin' man,
Born in County Clare or Kerry, where the gentle art began.
Sergeant Dennis P. O'Leary, from somewhere on Archie Road,
Dodgin' shells and smellin' powder while the battle ebbed and flowed.

And the captain says: "O'Leary, from your fighting company
Pick a dozen fightin' Yankees and come skirmishin' with me,
Pick a dozen fightin' Yankees and I know it's you who can,
And O'Leary, he saluted, like a first-class fightin' man.

O'Leary's eye was piercin and O'Leary's voice was clear;
'Dim'tri, Georgeoupoulos!' and D'mitri answered "Here!"
Then "Vladimir Stamink!" Step three paces to the front.
For we're wantin' you to join us in a little Heinie Hunt."

"Garibaldi Rivoli!" Baribadi was to share,
And "Ole Axel Kettleson!" and "Thomas Scalp-the Bear,"
Who was Choctaw by inheritance, bred in the blood and bones,
But set down in the Army records by the name of Thomas Jones.

"Van Winkle Schuyler Stuyvesant!" Van Winkle was a bud
From the ancient tree of Stuyvesant and had it in h's blood;
'Don Miguel de Co'ombo!' Don Miguel's next of kin
Were across the Rio Grande when Don Miguel went in.
"Ulysses Grant O'Sheridan!" sire you see
Had been at Appomattox, near the famous apple tree;
"And Patrick Michael Casey!" Patrick Michael, you can tell,
Was a fightin' man by nature, with three fightin' names as well.
"Joe Wheeler Lee!" and Joseph had a pair of frightin' eyes.
And his grandad was a Johnny, as perhaps you might surmise;
The "Robert Bruce MacPherson!" And the Yankee squad was done,
With Isaac Cohen," once a light-weight champion.

Then O'Leary paced 'em forward and says he: "You Yanks fail in!"
And he marched 'em to the captain: "Let the skirmishin' begin"
Says he: "The Yanks are coming and you can get 'em if you can!"
And saluted like a soldier and a first class fightin' man.

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AUGUST THE EIGHT.

From Lt.-Col. Pedley's forthcoming book "Only This," to be published this year by Graphic Pub. of Ottawa.

Zero hour. A crack, short as a dog's bark, distinctive as a whip-flick. It is a signal. Hardly a moment's pause and the note is taken up by full pack, forty miles of gunnery. The first dog has set them all at it. The atmosphere quivers with noise. This is indeed a barrage. Green flares rise from the German line.

The day breaks fine. Up ahead a tank is seen to get under way and go lumbering on towards Hangard. We start forward, a platoon strung out in single file. A mist hangs over Hangard Wood, obscuring the tank in whose tracks we are following.

A cry. "Kamerad!" heralds the rush of a score of dishevelled prisoners towards us. Sergeant Nutter breaks from the platoon and rushes to meet them. He accosts the first, but just a moment later Major Paddy Griffin runs up and orders Nutter back to his platoon. The sergeant pays no attention to this interruption, continues his demand for souvenirs: presently rejoins our file and hands in the first trophy of the battle—a German paper mark. On we go seeing more and yet more prisoners. Now we are in the wood, still following the well marked tracks of the tank. A Highlander of the 13th Battalion is dead, flung forward on his face his kilt blown away from the brown sturdy legs. He is not the only one, for we have now passed the jumping-off trench and are crossing the No Man's Land of last night. Already engineer parties, previously detailed, are hard at work, making crossings over the trenches.

We are not yet quite into the mist, although the air is heavier and a smell of burning hangs around. Forty yards ahead the line of Fritz's barrage can now be made out, a series of explosions, flying earth and timber and thick puffs of black smoke. It would be far more formidable had not our surprise barrage put so many of his guns out of action. Still it is no joke to pass through this barrier of bursting shells. As we draw nearer to it I recall Toc Al Morrow's advice given to me months before at Bray Camp. I watch the shell-burst to see if I can detect any system. Yes, I have it! A four-gun battery is covering the bit of ground before me. The shells burst methodically from left to right at twenty-yard intervals.

One-two-three-four—then over again. The trick is to head for the point where a shell has burst and get by as quickly as possible before that gun is loaded and fires again. It is touch and go, but it can be done. Number three has just exploded.

I lead the line cautiously towards number four, waving my hand as a danger signal. "Down!" I cry as number 4 bursts, just at the moment I expect it. "Now boys, run for it!" and we double towards and past the shell hole. We are enveloped in smoke, the smoke of number four. Somewhere ahead of us German gunners are opening and closing a breech, eager to kill us. It seems we will never get clear. A shell bursts close on our right, the shock of it knocking me down, and several of my platoon. But we pick ourselves up and run wildly on until the danger-line is passed.

"Anyone hit?" I yell, turning my head.

"No!" comes a shout from the rear. Now we are walking again, but we have lost the tracks of the tank.

We pass the enemy front line, and his supports. Dead and wounded lie thick here, mostly Germans, and the trenches are badly torn by the shelling. One notices the stores of bombs and S.A.A. and the biscuit tins and bits of clothing; just like a trench of our own might look. Last night these fellows took post without a thought of the disaster that was to wipe them out and open the way to the Rhine. There are more prisoners now, but the mist has got so thick we cannot see them until they are right on top of us. No stopping for souvenirs. We point to the rear and Fritz runs along content.

edly enough. He has had his bellyful of war. But the mist presently grows so thick that nothing can be seen at a distance of more than ten feet or so. I draw and cock my revolver and come within an ace of shooting Colonel Nelles, who is standing in the path with Paddy Griffin.

"Keep on, Pedley, you're headed right," he shouts above the noise of battle. But I have a sneaking idea he doesn't know much more about it than I do myself.

At any rate, we were soon lost completely. The platoons, which were supposed to move on parallel lines, veered in towards one another, and we all telescoped Don company, which had stopped advancing. We were in some sort of valley and the feeling grew that the whole battalion was to the north of its proper course. I do not rightly know how the situation was finally met, but was told later that Bill Amsden led us into our area. Back we went, D and C companies all a jumble, and finally got out of the wood to a barren, chalky plain dotted with shell-holes, where we re-organized at proper intervals.

During these manoeuvres I, with my platoon had got ahead of some of the Don company units and Norman Macdonald called out to me to stop so that he could get his company clear of us. I hailed the boys I knew as they trailed past us—Bill Amsden and Bill Ostie among them. It was the last time I saw either of them. Amsden must have been killed in the next hour and Ostie received fatal wounds while making a desperate rush, accompanied by L/Corporal Salisbury, on a machine-gun post that was holding up the company. By that time Macdonald was wounded, and Harry Salisbury, elder brother of the L/Corporal, was in command. Young Salisbury was decorated for this exploit with the D.C.M.



Escort of R.C.D's. to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, at Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Montreal.

I had as yet had no casualties, which was not strange for we are still in support. The crack of bullets ahead kept us aware that the 3rd Brigade was meeting with some opposition. The ground where we lay was bleak enough and looked as if it had been at some former time the scene of prolonged fighting. Not far away were some German guns, abandoned, with the dead gunners lying by them. Little scrubby patches of trees and scrub were dotted about and mopping-up parties of Thirteenth darted in and out of these with revolvers and fixed bayonets, looking for stray Boche machine gunners. Shots were coming from some of the coverts and I remember seeing one German hunted out, running like mad before the bayonets. The shout "Kill him!" went up on all sides, but as he was in the open and running away no one pulled trigger on him. When caught he received a well-aimed kick in the place where it would do him the most good and was sent packing to the rear.

This rat-hunting intrigued me. I suppose I was excited, for once I actually started off to join one of the bayonet parties. I realized in time the absurdity of this step, however, and came back to the platoon after a moment. A chap named Ferguson from the fifteenth happened along and gave me a German cigar. A few minutes more and we moved off again.

It was near here we came to the mouth of a Boche dugout where some of our troops were prying out an enemy officer. He was scared stiff, his hands were high over his head and his eyes down-cast. Finding he was not being shot at he looked up furtively: what he saw was a ring of revolver barrels mine among them. The man shook with fright.

"Don't kill him," sneered someone. "He's not worth a bloody bullet." Off he went in his close-fitting grey tunic.

The ground improved as we advanced up the valley. The Luce lay below us, on our right. Vic Collins and Lunt had crossed it with their platoons and were not in sight, for our company straddled the stream. Wattam and I plugged along now over pleasant meadow land, until we came to a road at right angles to our advance. At the far edge of the road the ground rose four or five feet abruptly and you could not see what was beyond.

Here, at their objective, what was left of the Scottish battalion which

had preceded us lay in shelter. They were tired, but jolly enough, lying around in little groups. Already Don Company of our battalion was out in front of this point taking up the fight. The Scotties were able to turn their attention to look after their wounded. During the last part of their advance they had not suffered heavily, still there were many kilts asprawl on the grass.

We did not wait. It was up and over, one at a time. Watt's platoon was ahead of me and he was first over. I stood by giving his men a hand up the bank. One of them hesitated a moment.

"Up with you, boy," I said, "You'll be all right up there." He eyed me with a significant look and climbed up. Long afterwards the fellow rallied me about this incident in some Rhineland bierhalle. It appears he was an original Fourth man, had been in action a dozen times, and he regarded my words of encouragement (coming from a green officer), as presumptuous. He was right. But I was right too, saying the cheery word. Another moment or so and I was there myself, crawling along beside a bit of hedge, and a dead man of the Fourth Battalion lying so close I could touch him as I went by.

He had been killed in the shade of the hedge and pushed to one side. He wore a gold-plated wristband and the sun glinted on his name engraved upon it. In his face there was nothing, only peace. Just at the moment I thought how easy it would be to take that gold thinket, and I then smiled grimly at the notion.

Memory of detail fails me here. We went on and on for a long time seeing no enemy, enduring the fire of guns and machine-guns; nothing remains of it all, but an incident here and there, the ridiculous ones. My batman offering to cut me off a dead German's finger for the ring on it, and my laughing refusal. A sergeant from Watty's platoon wandering around displaying a bright German revolver and good Zeiss field glasses spoils of war.

"He was an artillery major. I shot him," says the sergeant.

Jack Nutter trips on a bayonet and his leg bleeds freely. A stretcher-bearer is tying it up. "Go on down the line," I tell him. "You'll get by."

But no sir, Jack says he wants a little more than that before he'll quit.

Many comical episodes with the prisoners who still dribbled past

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us in little knot their hands up in the air.

"Mercy! Mercy!" they cry to every one.

"Souvenir!" the troops yell and each one has his pocket felt into, turned out.

Many corpses asprawl on the ground, new-killed. A soldier wrenches belt and bayonet from one of these, holding the body steady with his foot.

"Take this knife, sir," he says to me. "You might need it." I gird on Fritz's belt with the Gott Mit Uns buckle—the bayonet is stubby and strong.

Our first casualty. It is Mailley, the comedian of the company, the sergeant-major's batman. He is an orphan from Detroit—at least he does not claim to have any kin. As usual he is tail-end man of the platoon, and a splinter from a big crump gets him. We are all running now, across a little valley, headed for some woods on the opposite slope, when the big ones begin to fall behind us. At first I do not know how many are hit. But when we stop again I am told of Mailley's misfortune. He is the only casualty. We have been lucky.

"Did he get a decent Blighty?" I ask.

"I think he's done in, sir."

Yes, I will never again have to tell Mailley to stay off inspection parade because he is too dirty. Nor will I see again the mischievous look of his eyes that have a glint of the French in them.

Then, somehow, we are in a sort of pasture field, rising from the river. Wattam's platoon has disappeared. We must have come under small-arms fire, for we are in diamond formation, just as in the training days a month ago. I am centre, with Lavalley and Nutter. The four sections are spread out, advancing by rushes. Hall has one of the Lewis-guns, Proctor the other. I crouch, wave my hand and a section jumps up to rush forward. Wonderful! It might be a page out of the drill-book, only these are not blanks, we are firing. These Lewis-guns are pointed at men, somewhere ahead among those trees. And men are firing at us. See, one is hit. There will be more before we clear the swine out of that bush.

A runner zigzagging along from the right, panting as he gives me his message.

"Major Davis' order, sir. Swing to the right at once. He is down there—behind that bank."

So Major Davis is in trouble, eh!

A swing of my arm, the platoon changes direction; we rush down the slope toward Cayeux village, towards the river. Here, at the edge of Ruisseau Wood, is the deliverty where Davis has summoned me. Here he is in person, and most of his company with him.

He is in no trouble. They are safe as turkeys beside a little wall of earth. All of them but a couple of young fools who are crawling forward under fire to strip some German corpses. Why the devil has Davis interfered with me?

"You can't get ahead," he says. "Look at me—I'm held up here."

But I had been getting ahead fine. Still, he is Major Davis and I am only Lieutenant Pedley, so it is not a matter to argue.

"What are you going to do, Davey?"

"I have a platoon up forward somewhere. Can't get up to them I'm waiting for a tank to come and clear away those M.G.'s on the ridge. I've signalled back for a tank. You can see the Germans on the ridge."

Yes, I can see them, heads and shoulders of men who pop into sight and away. But how long will it be before a tank comes? No, this won't do.

Hall, my Lewis-gunner, has seen the Germans on the ridge, and is emptying panniers of S.A.A. at them, keeping their heads down. Up forward somewhere is a platoon. Off I go along a path through the marsh, up along the river. Fritz is covering this marsh the bullets make ripples on the surface of the water.

I am up to my knees in mud and water. But it is only a moment till I am through the marsh, through the little copse beyond it, lying down on my belly in a ditch beside Vern Armstrong. So it is Vern's platoon that is the point of the attack.

History calls Amiens a big battle. It is not such a big thing to Vern Armstrong. He is general over a dozen tired men in a ditch. He is fighting two or three machine-guns on a hill and just now he is licked.

"I'm in a devil of a position here," he says, breathlessly. "I've lost touch with Davis and I can't get ahead with these few fellows. I don't know what to do."

Hang on, Vern Armstrong! I am away through the marsh to get some reinforcements for you. Come on, 10 Platoon, I yell. Right o, says Bill Goodyear—which way? This way, through the water. We don't say anything to Davey. If A company can't support Vern Armstrong, C. company can and

will.

Ploughing, slashing, through that infernal slough again. We must be pretty near the day's objective now. Once up the hill in front and we can rest. Halfway through the marsh I come upon Captain Jolliffe, wandering all alone.

"Come this way," he calls.

"No," I answer, "This is the way."

Jolly does me dirt, with the best of intentions. More than half my men, losing track of me in the marsh, track after Jolly—Good-year, Nutter and Hall among them. Off to another part of the hill, to support D company, which is their proper job. Still I reach Vern's ditch with a dozen men and a Lewis gun. We rest a moment, then --

"Let's rush it. To the foot of the hill. Away you go, fellows!"

Vern's men and mine are up and off. There is a bit of bush to cross, then an open field, then a road, and at the other side of the road, another ditch. It is up and down, up and down, quick, short rushes as Infantry Training directs. Bullets are clipping the grass in the field. The rattle of the machine-guns sounds close as on the rifle ranges.

I am running neck and neck with Moreau, No. 2 on the Lewis gun. He carries a wallet filled with spare parts for the gun; also two panniers of ammunition besides his revolver and web equipment. It is too much for him to run far with.

"Here, give me this," I shout, reaching for the panniers of S.A.A. slung on his shoulder. He misunderstands me, thinks I was hit, reaches to hold me up as we run forward by other "No I'm all right," I yell, and shift the panniers to my shoulder. He is grateful and smiles a moment; then we are down together in the ditch.

One man yet to come. He is back across the road. One bound will bring him into the little furrow that shelters us. Yes, but a bullet is quicker than a man. The man jumps up, there is a sharper crack as his skull is cloven, he spins around on his toes and falls heavily. It is Private Dahmer. One man less to our garrison.

God! how the bullets crack, just above our heads! They break the twigs all around, they thud into the little bank of earth. Cautiously I move my head and look to each side of me. Moreau is on my left and beyond him is Proctor, with the Lewis-gun. The gun has jammed; he is working feverishly with it. On my right are Secord and a couple of others. Further

along still Armstrong shepherds the remnants of his dozen. We are at the very base of the hill, which is not very high, but the slope is steep. Fritz is on top of us.

Where is he? Get the guns trained on him, make it hot for him up there! Just as hot as he is making it for us. No one else will push him off this bit of hill. It is up to us. Cautiously Moreau and I raise our heads a foot apart until our eyes can see through the long grass. But we do not have to see anything.

Crack! Moreau is hit. He falls back, and I with him, my arm around him. My hand is wet with blood that spurts from his breast. What a flow of blood, a fountain of blood! Moreau gasps and chokes three or four times, his whole body heaving, then stiffens in a final convulsion and collapses. It is all a matter of a few seconds. The corpse is heavy and I push it from me.

Number One has looked up from the gun and I shake my head to signify it is all over with poor Moreau. There is a sudden moisture in Number One's eyes. Someone crawls snakelike along the ditch and detaches the spare-parts wallet from Moreau's neck. It is Number Three on the gun taking his promotion.

The gun itself is still jammed. I have no heart to poke my head out of the friendly cover of a few inches of earth. But see what is happening on my right. Who is it that kneels upright, exposed from the waist up, rifle to shoulder, firing cool and steadily? His right arm moves back and forward ejecting and thrusting in the cartridges—it is a machine, not an arm. There is a fierce proud look in the face leaning close to the riflebutt. Is this Secord, the great lubber who did pack drills for his slacking at Cambigneul? Certainly not. Rubbish!

Why doesn't he get hit? Is Secord a god, that he can live in that tornado of lead? See, he has emptied the magazine, plucked another clip of full rounds from his pouch, loaded with a sure hand. He is firing again. This is your moment, Private Secord, and by God you are using it well!

A dusty man is making towards us on his belly, from the left. It is Dad Lyon, battalion works officer. Dad was wounded once, a long time ago, but he doesn't wear a wound stripe. He isn't much for gewgaws this Dad of ours. But he knows enough to turn up at the right place. He is a Lyon with the spirit of a lion.

"This is a hell of a place to be," he says to me.

"What else?" I ask.

"Rush it," he says. "He'll shoot you like rats here." In fact the little edge of earth is badly cut into already by the machine-gun bullets.

Over on the left is a whirring noise as a great tank lunge ahead. Its six-pounders are firing and the din of bullets on its iron walls mingles with the roar of the guns and the smashing of trees.

"Get ready to rush!"

Our Lewis gun is at last in shape.

I wave my hand, shout to Armstrong to come with us.

"Away you go!"

Somehow we scramble up, run up the hill. I take a few steps wondering why I am not hit, then realize that the firing from the hill has stopped. Fritz's nerve has failed him in the pinch.

"Come on boys!"

The others take up the shout and we sweep up, Proctor toiling with his gun. Half-way up I look for Armstrong. He has evidently not seen my signal, for his handful are just starting. Not a casualty going up that hill!—and over to the left the tank is reaching the crest, blasting the branches with shot.

We are near our objective now. Vern Armstrong's men have gone a few yards ahead of mine and are lying behind a hedge firing. A scatter of Fritz bullets still comes our way, but they are over our heads. Still, Vern is in trouble I note his anxious face and crawl over to where he is. The line of men is a couple of yards ahead of us.

"There's a chap badly hit. I'd like to get him back a bit but I don't want to risk more men," whispers Vern.

Looking where he points, I see nothing but a ghastly corpse scrambled over a rifle. "No, not him—the next one."

Fritz can still reach our little group with his fire. And they are tired. They have come a long way for this. So few, too. It is only fifty yards to the objective, but it means another rush forward. Well, if we must

A tap on my shoulder. Looking around I see an officer of the 2nd Brigade. He is fresh, eager. Sections of unmuddled men are climbing the hill behind him.

"May I go through you sir, sir?" he says.

A phrase from the golf-links happily transplanted. You bet you life he may go through, with his fresh legions.

Refreshing

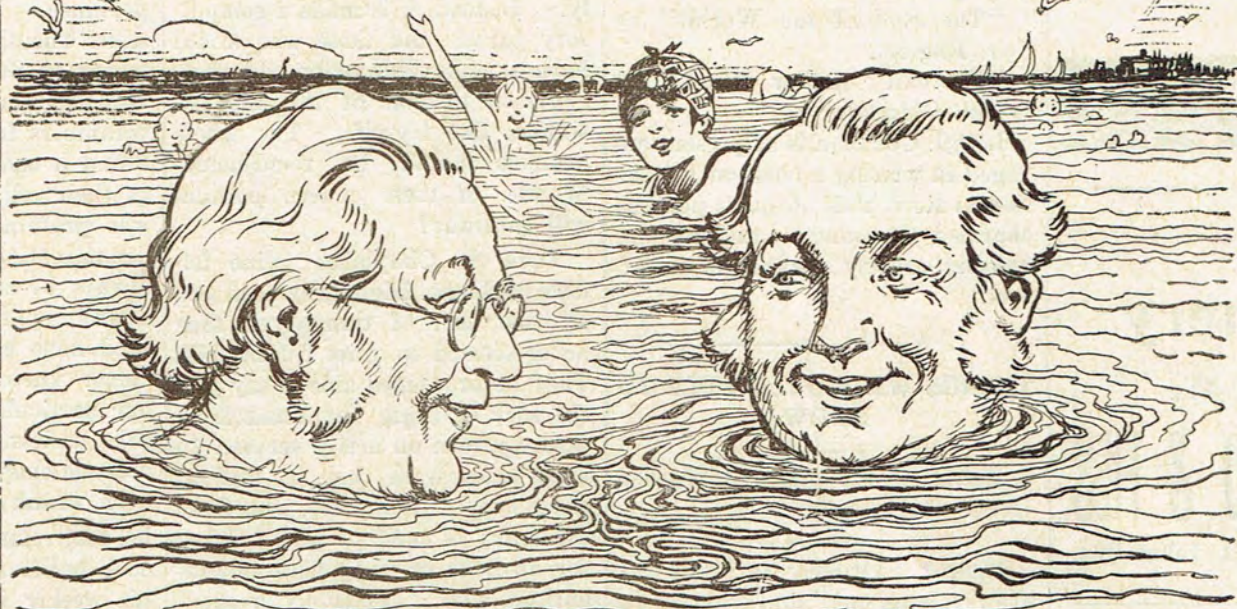
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They pass, we see them drop and run, short rushes—Infantry Training stuff. His Lewis guns speak insistently. Then he is out of our sight and Vern and I can turn our attention to the badly wounded man. The rattle of musketry recedes, becomes faint, Troops, and more troops trudge up the hill look interestedly at us and at the dead as they pass by.

Since we last went to press a generous benefactor, who evidently has the welfare of the library at heart, but who wishes to remain anonymous, has presented the secretary with the following books:

The Orderly Sergeant by Cpl. Bentley.

The trials of Leadership by Sgts. Harris and Langley.

Bull, Brasso and Banana Oil by L/Cpl. Ross.

Procrastination by Sgt. Henderson.

A Short Commentary on the Works of Major Timmis by Tpr. Dobbie.

"Beer." Statistics regarding consumption of by Tpr. McGorman.

"The Way of a Man With a Maid" by Tpr. Dooley.

"Remounts." by "Robert."

"The Last of the Mohawks." by Pte. Chesley.

"The Distinguished I.C." by S. M. Hopkinson.

"L'Anglais t'elle qu'on le parle." by Tpr. Hebert.

"The End of the World." by Tpr. English.

"Football "A few Hints," by L/Cpl. Cullinan.

L/Cpl. Cullinan is at present engaged in writing a book on Protection at Rest. This author's pen has charmed thousands, and we are waiting eagerly for his latest effort.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Whether the other "Wooden Head" feels lonely.

What the Orderly Sergeant saw after "lights out" and whether he really was as discrete as he would have us believe.

How the pianist likes his new S.S.M. and whether he feels as though he has jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

Why Tpr. Dutton will always be remembered in St. Johns. She still remembers you, Jack.

The amount of stimulant neces-

sary to keep the band going from 9. to 10.30 a.m. especially for our cornet artist.

Why the S.Q.M.S. has not indented for coal oil for washing purposes.

For his information we might

add that 2nd Troop find it effective on the windows and horses.

The O.M. caterer will please remember that "The Legion" is not the Ritz-Carlton and Champlain St. is not Piccadilly.

Soldiering.

(By F. W. Powell.)

(Continued)

Quite 90% of the fellows regard them (church parades) simply as a most unpleasant duty and attend because they cannot do otherwise. To get ready for the damned thing has left behind a spirit not quite in keeping with the occasion. The men have cursed each other, the N.C.O.'s have added a few more points against themselves, the officers have not neglected to discover that nothing was right with ourselves or our equipment, with the result that he whole bally lot of us are fed up to the teeth. Church is the farthest thing from our inclinations. Just the same, off we go and great is the rejoicing thereof. Why in the name of common sense do they make these things compulsory? Permit the attendance to be voluntary and the right sort of people would attend gladly. Instead, it is made a compulsory parade and those who would have attend voluntarily add their criticism to that of the hopeless sinners like myself. The whole business should be re-adjusted. Wonder if these church parades still continue?

Then the Chaplains. Fine fellows no doubt, frightfully keen and all that sort of thing, yet, they never seemed to quite fill the bill. They never seemed able to say just the sort of thing expected from them by men on active service. In most cases were they as dull as clergymen generally are, who, from the safety of their pulpits, proceed for an hour or so to bore congregations stiff. Probably a small percentage of us considered the possibilities of immortality but many of us found the discourse so lacking in interest that the divine would be totally disregarded. Whenever possible these heathens would snatch a little sleep during the sermon and awake at its termination more refreshed than they who had endeavoured to follow the uninteresting platitudes beloved of those in Holy orders. That these same chaplains meant well I

have no shadow of doubt. Just the same they fell down on the job. In endeavouring to get closer to us they sometimes acted pretty much as we did but even that failed to bear fruit. Always did they make themselves tremendously athletic, intelligently would they discuss sports matter with us, they would dispense cigarettes lavishly, listen with more or less composure to a story more lurid than righteous, did all possible to be one of us but never succeeded in making the grade. A barrier was stretched between us. Chaplains were a race apart. This situation was the fault of no one. They desired to be one of us, we wished they could but as they could not there was nothing in common between the padre and the Tommy. Suppose I've trod on somebody's corns again. Forgive me, please, so very sorry. Just the same the church parade was of amazing importance. Dodging it was impossible. The sick parade was always larger on Sundays. On this day also one would remark no lack of volunteers for fatigue duties. Men found it convenient to often change their religion. To be an R.C. was preferable at times to other denominations. Masses could not always be celebrated, so, voila no church parade, for R.C.'s. attend none but their own services. Never knew, but always fancied our particular padre felt particularly useless. He was a huge, athletic chap. Played games and even drank somewhat. Still, he, too, remained an outsider. The cool indifference of all ranks to his weekly inings must have almost broke his heart. Mind you, it didn't disturb his sleep for he remained hale, hearty and boisterous until wounded slightly by a shell that landed right where he, the M.O. and the pay-master dwelt in perfect harmony. Chaplains will arise and indignantly contradict these statements of mine. Let 'em. Their contradiction will not justify their place in an army. The idea of the thing was well. Chaplains could always be relied

on for a smoke .. they were very cheerful, smiled at our rough jokes .. chided us when the bounds of decency were over-stepped showed no lack of courage, ever .. they sang with us at our sing-songs .. laughed when the joke was on themselves .. shaped well in all but what they were created for .. were full of enthusiasm but rarely succeeded in getting in direct touch with the dear boys whose spiritual welfare was in their hands. Enough of chaplains and church parades or I'll find myself hauled up before the beak for foul slander of a very necessary arm of the fighting forces.

Rumourists told of strange happenings to come about in the very near future. As usual these tales were disbelieved. Shortly after Christmas, General Seely gathered about him and in the course of his talk said that he had a New Year's present for every one of us. Each man would, in the very near future, be given a horse. The game would be continued with ourselves in the roles of Cavalrymen. Loud were the cheers that greeted this announcement. Riding is far better than walking. At least that's what the old sweats said. It would be something different at all events so I was numbered amongst those who welcomed the glad tidings. He told us at the same time that our old friends, the Kink Edward Horse, were definitely leaving the Brigade. This was rotten news. They were such good fellows, and such good mixers that we hated to see them go. A great pity to split up the Brigade that pulled so well together. The Fort Garrys were to replace the K.E.H. This was my original crush but I'd lost all love for 'em. All the chaps who had joined with me in Winnipeg were either with the Straths or the "Draggs." Until they arrived we played foot slogging for a while longer. About another month and then all our troubles will be carried by our horse. At least we think they will.

The weather continued utterly vile and the trenches were the very last thing in physical discomfort. With it all, however, we managed to rub along. Casualties were not high, fortunately. This business compels a man to become a fatalist. If you're to get it, you will. That's about all there is to it. That's the belief in the trenches. Poor old Holditch told me he would never return to Canada. Neither did he. Funny business. Have seen a chap stick his head above the parapet for a moment just in time to stop a bullet from

a chap over on the other side. Then again have I seen Buster Kingsford lying along the top of the parapet for ten minutes at a time, in broad daylight, calmly observing through his glasses the enemy lines. He got away with it always. Col. Doherty of the Straths was seen once to walk out to our wire in daylight without injury. Another time Pete Irving with some of his bombers crossed no-man's land, also in daylight, and returned without the slightest damage. Yes, its perfectly true. If you're to get it, get it you will.

Remember Sgt. McCutcheon? Mac was not a Russian you will recollect. His accident could be cut with a knife. His notoriety came while acting as gas N.C.O. It was a dirty trick to play upon such innocents as ourselves. The order came one night to put on our gas-bags. Gas was coming. This order gives one a rather empty sensation in the stomach. For one thing they are not exactly comfortable things to wear and then there is the realization that the enemy invariably follows his gas. Fortunately this proved to be a false alarm but the mistake was not discovered until we had worn those damned things for a few hours.

Our last trip but one in the line was to new quarters. These were on the left of our old positions. We had grown accustomed to 128 and the surrounding country. We were familiar with every sand-bag, every depression, every specially hot corner, and now we'd got to start all over again. Buster Kingsford with a small party left in advance of the rest of us who followed a few hours later. It was quite a long trip. Whilst halted at the side of the road were surprised to see the bold Buster coming down on a stretcher, wounded and happy. He gaily waved his arms as he passed. That was the last we saw of Buster. Made Blighty and as far as we were concerned vanished. Then began our troubles. Guides were furnished to lead us to our destination. As is customary with guides, these, of course quickly discovered themselves to the hopelessly lost. By this time it was dark and the journey was decided to be finished overland. This was bad going it is true although not quite as bad as the communication trenches which were half flooded. On all sides were we beset by obstacles as we proceeded in open order. (very open for Fritz's machine gunners performed with distressing regularity.) This proved to be a real hell of a trip. Many un-

fortunates slipped into the trench-alongside. Naturally they always seemed to choose a particularly wet and sloppy section for this diversion from the path of rectitude. McCutcheon landed in a particularly juicy place, the whereabouts of which was discovered by following the sound waves to their point of origin. How that man could swear! At least he was not playing. At all events the unintelligible noises made by this excited and exasperated Scot did not sound exactly like a hymn of thanksgiving. It was unfortunate that his rescuers themselves lost their footing and with him, fell into the slime of a flooded trench. More strong language. Succeeded at last in getting the bunch of 'em under way again.

(To be Continued)

German Doctor's Tribute

New testimony regarding Nurse Cavell, says the Berlin correspondent of the Daily Mail, is quoted by the editor of the Berliner Tageblatt in the following passages from a letter sent to him by the doctor who saw her die:—

"At head doctor to the Brussels (German) Government I was ordered to attend the trial and also

the execution of Miss Cavell. I heard the trial throughout, spoke repeatedly to Miss Cavell, certified her death, and laid her in the coffin. She was the bravest woman whom I have seen, and absolutely the heroine whom her nation has represented her to be.

"Her bearing as she went to her death was unforgeable. But she acted against the German as a man and was punished as a man."

The doctor had taken the temperature of the stockbroker who lay seriously ill.

"It has gone up to 104, he announced in a solemn voice.

"Gone up to 104!" shouted the stockbroker. "Then sell out, man, sell out!"

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Time Ex!

We have been unfortunate this month in losing the services of Cpl. W. E. McKerrall, his time having expired on Oct. 14th. He joined the regiment in Toronto 5th October 1919, and came to St. Johns with the squadron in January 1920. He was undoubtedly the most popular n.c.o at the Cavalry Barracks and it is with profound regret that we see him leave us. A keen and efficient horseman, regarded by all ranks as an ideal cavalryman, he took many prizes at the various fairs for jumping and also at our own mounted and dismounted sports. He was, probably the best all-round athlete in the squadron. We will always be glad to see you again, Pete, and wish you every success in whichever line of endeavour you may take up.

Professor: Henry, I hear that you have been making—er—dates with Minnie, the boarding-house keeper's daughter, and staying out with her until the early hours of the morning. Is that right?

Freshman: Yes, sir. Why?

Professor: Well—er—ahem—I wonder if you could use your influence to get me a date with her sister Grace.

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(The following article by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" for September 10th, 1927.)

THE POWER OF PETROL

(By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart)

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir George Milne, witnessed an exercise by the Experimental Mechanised Force at Tidworth on Thursday. Subsequently, in an address to the senior officers of the force, he gave his views on the whole broad question of future warfare—as a guide to them in their reflection and training. This address was so notable as a hall-mark upon progressive thought and as a probable landmark in the evolution of our Army, that I am very glad to be able to give the purport of his remarks. Coming from so authoritative a source and from a soldier so deeply respected by all shades of opinion, they can hardly fail to have a far-reaching and beneficial influence.

In the first place he pointed out that the experimental force was merely the germ of the mechanised force of the future, and sounded a wise warning against regarding or acclaiming it as more. Even as a beginning it was not quite what was intended—owing to the urgent need to get experiments under way, the lack of funds, the call to send vehicles to China, and the fact that it was a test of the machines as well as a study of their tactical handling. Thus it was at present a mobile "motorised" force rather than the armoured force he had intended.

Turning to the wider question of future warfare, he said that the basis was that for forty years the evolution of military science—especially the machine-gun and barbed wire—had tended towards the stabilisation of warfare. The deadlock of the late war could have been read in the growing ascendancy of defence over offence, first in South Africa, and then in Manchuria, which had caused stagnation by nullifying the attacking mobility of infantry.

This meant the disappearance of generalship but the evil did not end there. For the economic results of such a type of war made it a matter of national suicide. They must realise that the human race would not again stand the losses of the last war.

Even in a so-called small war our enemy would be armed with machine-guns and wire, which must inevitably lead under present conditions to stabilisation. It was

therefore, essential to find a way out. The need was to raise the art of generalship back to the old plane, and that could only be done by reviving mobility.

Restoring Mobility

The solution for the present was provided by the petrol engine—in the aeroplane and in the tank. They were altering warfare altogether, not the principles, but the manner of it, and we must seize on these factors and develop them so that we might not fall behind in military efficiency. Taking merely the effect of the aeroplane on land warfare, it would be impossible to have crowds of men on the battlefield when there were swarms of low-flying aeroplanes against them. Think, again, of the result of the destruction of their supplies and communications! Further, the air would assist the small army, and the revival of generalship, not only by reconnaissance, but by simplification of lines of communication. The aeroplane was comparatively inexpensive, had a long radius of travel, and required only a landing ground at each end. Thus by its use for the transport of reserves, of supplies, of wounded, it might help to solve the historical difficulties of moving and protecting convoys in mobile warfare.

The chief effect of the petrol engine on the evolution of land warfare was to make possible the re-introduction of armour. Our thought must be brought up-to-date. Infantry officers were inclined to think in terms of infantry mobility, cavalry officers of cavalry mobility. We must now think in terms of tank mobility, in distances of hundreds of miles perhaps. But there would be the same need, accentuated, for a quick brain, as in the cavalry operations of the past and for our mental foundations we could not do better than study ancient warfare, and especially the period of the great cavalry raids of the Mongols and Parthians.

"Armoured Brigade"

Armour was the solution, and that was the reason that an armoured force had been originated. Earlier Gen. Milne had given the

officers to understand that the title "Armoured Brigade" would supersede "Mechanised" Brigade.

If such an armoured force, and war, seemed expensive superficially, it was essential to remember that the aeroplane would destroy any attempt to reintroduce large national armies.

Further, the likelihood that an enemy might use mustard gas made a large man-power army futile, for the protection of the foot or horse soldier in such gas-infected areas had become an almost impossible problem, whereas in vehicles gas protection and decontamination were much simpler.

In the future we should have infantry and cavalry divisions—both brought up-to-date by motorisation and the addition of armoured units—and armoured divisions. The continued need for the former class modernised, was because the latter class had certain limitations of use—as in mountain and forest country and also in enclosed country like parts of Great Britain which favoured the concealment of anti-tank weapons. General Milne cited the historical case of the Parthians who sent their infantry army into mountainous Armenia while their mobile force of mounted archers—"mobile armoured fire-power"—waited for and destroyed the Roman legions in the plains of Mesopotamia.

The proportions of armoured and other troops would be a question for consideration by the Committee of Imperial Defence and the degree of armour a matter for research. But the armoured force should be regarded as a separate force, not a part of the existing type divisions, to move long distances and carry out big turning movements. He instanced the value of throwing forward such a force 200-300 miles ahead of the concentrating armies at the outbreak of a war, and for swinging blows round a strategic flank. The problem of command and control was still unsolved, but it was at least clear that, as with cavalry the commander must be very far forward, and that it would probably be essential to supplement his wireless orders by the personal direction of staff officers who knew his mind, and could guide formations to the point and in the desired direction.

Higher Mental Standard

Various diagrammatic suggestions on the tactical methods of an armoured force were shown, and finally, turning to the training of the force, General Milne declared

that a complete change of outlook was essential. As infantry formed the basis of the man-power army, so the tank battalion would form the basis of the armoured army. This implied an entirely new conception of speed of movement and radius of action, of comparative vulnerability, of the effect of weather and topography. A higher mental standard of man would be required, and in him in turn a new type of discipline less rigid should be instilled—akin to the ideas of Sir John Moore, and correspondingly developed. Again, the technical experts, customarily referred to by the term of "bloke," would be as vital and important as commanders, and a new attitude towards them must grow up.

During the coming winter, reading should be utilised as an aid towards a change of mentality, and, for this, early history was the most fruitful, because to its wealth of examples of stratagem and manoeuvre by small armies it added the only successful cases of the combination of armoured mobility with fire-power—those of the Mongols and Parthians. In the training of the units they should go slowly and methodically, beginning

with the development of a new battle drill, so that the tactical "mechanism" might be got right as a foundation for the tactical plan and manoeuvre.

THE HORSE REMEMBERS

(London Live Stock Journal)

Horses have excellent memories as is often proved by the length of time they will remember events that have taken place in their lives. If it were not for this fact we would not find it difficult to get a horse over being afraid of certain objects that have once frightened him. Many a valuable horse has been badly spoiled by some thoughtless individual who did not take this fact into consideration.

Some horses that have at some time been treated unkindly never forget it, under the same set of circumstances, during the rest of their lives. Anyone that has had a wide experience with horses can recall experiences of this kind. It is necessary, then, in the stable that great care be taken that something is not thoughtlessly done that will greatly lessen the ani-

mal's value by resulting in a dangerous vice in the stable. In no animal is this more plainly brought to our attention than with the horse.

It is an interesting study to watch the development of the colt in the matter of stable handling. If a regular routine is always carried out in the stable, and this does not vary, it is remarkable how soon the horse learns just what is expected of it. If it were not for this fact, says a correspondent in a contemporary, we would never be able to teach the horse the many things we do. This one fact also makes it doubly necessary that we do not do anything that may result in the horse learning a dangerous habit that would make it unsafe to work near him in the stable.

In almost every horse that is "mean" in the stable the cause can be traced to thoughtlessness upon the part of some attendant or owner. If it were not for these individual characteristics that belong to some horses we could formulate set rules and regulations for their care and management. It is the ability that the owner or attendant has of detecting the animals that have these peculiarities

early enough in their association with them which devises ways and means of handling them without spoiling them or allowing them to form vicious habits. For this reason we cannot be too careful as to help about the horse. An inexperienced or unsuitable man can do more harm in a few days than can be remedied in many weeks, or perhaps never at all.

The Element of Surprise

Slowly he approached the chair where she half reclined. How beautiful she was. Hair like spun gold and full length profile that would put Venus to shame. Suddenly she looked up and her eyes met his. He bent down until their faces almost touched and—Yes, dear reader, he was a dentist, as you already know—but it was not office hours.

Mrs. Isaac: "Wake up, Isaac! A burglar is trying to get in."

Isaac: "Vell, wait till he opens the windows and I shoot."

"Vy don't you shoot now?"

"Vat, and break a pane of glass!"

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MUSICAL RIDE AT ORILLIA ONTARIO

(Continued from page 4)

ance on Saturday evening, which consisted of the ride, and a balancing act by our star performer, in the person of Sgt. Buell. A Military Saddle Clasp was also added to the programme and was won by Sgt. Buell on "Mickey," Tpr. Hutchings second on "Peggy" and Tpr. Coleman third on "Bonny." We wound up the evening by having Musical Chairs, the whole of the ride taking part until it had sifted down to one man, Tpr. Hutchings being declared the winner.

On Sunday morning we were taken for motor drives in cars kindly provided by citizens, and in the evening attended a Church Parade and after that we did our best to appease the ladies for the fact that up till that time we had been so busy that we had not had a chance to become acquainted.

Our stay in Orillia was made very enjoyable through the unstinted efforts of Mr. E. J. H. Holmes, Mr. Teefy Mulcahy, and Mr. Ross of the Ross Boat Co., whom we all thank for a very pleasant Boat Ride.

We are very grateful to the citizens of Orillia for the kindness and courtesy shown to all ranks, and for the enthusiastic manner in which they received our efforts.

The following extract are from The Orillia Packet and Times of Thursday Sept. 22nd.

"The spectacular performance by the Dragoons was, of course, the chief feature of the programme. The scarlet tunics, white gauntlets, fluttering pennants and the burnished helmets made the spectacle one not soon to be forgotten. In one's ear there still rings the clank of the sword against the stirrup iron and the champing of the bits as the horses rhythmically cantered through the drill.

Expressions of marvel at the efficient training of the horses were drawn from the crowd as the Dragoons cantered past in fours and eights in perfect alignment, and galloped through the driss-crosses with apparent nonchalance. But it was when they circled as the spokes of a wheel that it was evident that the combined training of man and horse was that which made the musical ride such a wonderful success. The intelligence of the horses was evidenced in the wrestling and sabre contests when the horses were veritably tumbling over each other, but never kicked or became excited. The magnificent charge

with lances lowered, convinced all of the tremendous value of a cavalry regiment."

"The unprecedentedly large attendance at Orillia's fall fair last Friday and Saturday should surely convince the most skeptical that the way to draw the people is to offer them something they want to see, and the way to make a success of the fair is to spend money on it—intelligently. The Directors should be encouraged by this year's experience to plan for bigger things for next season. In our opinion, to make Orillia's fair worthy of the town, the expenditure on prizes, attractions and advertising—the three essentials for a successful fair—should be doubled if not trebled. It is just as easy to make success of a big fair as of an ordinary one, provided it is gone about in the right way.

It cost a lot of money to bring the Royal Canadian Dragoons to Orillia, but there is no doubt the Society got it all back again in gate receipts—and some to spare. And the people went away satisfied. The Dragoons lived up to all that had been promised for them. Many went to see their performance again and again, and if they were to come back next year, there would be just as big a crowd. The skill of men and horses was a source of wonder and unflagging interest, while their bright uniforms added a touch of the picturesque. Moreover, Captain Wood and his men made a splendid impression and can always count on a hearty welcome in Orillia."

A series of extracts from "Mount and Man" by Lieut.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O., (late 5th R. I. Lancers) will be re-printed in "The Goat." The book is published by Country Life, Ltd., London, Eng and Charles Scribner's Sons New York, and is recommended by the editor to readers interested in a higher standard of horsemanship, for its lucidity and simplicity.

"VICE."

For never man had friend
More enduring to the end.
Truer mate in every turn of time and tide.

When we talk of vice in horses to what do we refer? What are our experiences which lead us to use so strong a term? Can we honestly say that we have any justification for this expression? Possibly those who have lived abroad and know the habit of the country-bred may be able to produce instances, but, speaking generally, I think all will admit, when they think the matter over, that they

The following letter has been received by the Officer Commanding Royal Canadian Dragoon—

Orillia, Ont.
September 22nd, 1927.

Dear Sir;

I have been asked by the President and Directors of the East Simcoe Agricultural Society to write expressing their gratitude to you for the Military Ride and other assistance given us by Capt. Wood and the detachment of the Dragoons at Orillia Fall held last week. While I have had the pleasure on several previous occasions of seeing the ride at Toronto I do not think I have ever seen is to the same advantage, and every citizen of the town feels that the presence of the Dragoons made Orillia Fair a success in 1927.

Everyone in the town, including the authorities at the Y.M.C.A. where the men were quartered, at the Restaurants at which they were fed, and, in fact, all who came in contact with them were delighted to find that in the Permanent Corps the men were of such a high type and deported themselves at all times so well.

We will hope in the future to have the pleasure of a further visit, and again thanking you for the help given.

Yours very truly;

(Sgd.) M. Teefy Mulcahy.
Chairman, Amusement Committee

Street Singer (to his wife): Louder, yer miserable 'alf baked spuffed old 'addick (continues singing) "Kind words can never die."

have never come across real vice in any horse. By real vice I mean inherent vice—vice which has been born in the foal and which cannot be cured or eradicated by gentle treatment.

Most of the so-called vicious incidents that have come to my knowledge have been produced by incorrect handling. A horse will start kicking if the rider is inadvertently tickling him with the spur, another will commence to jib because the rider is too nervous, or to refuse because he is being badly ridden. Another will show temper in the stable on account of bad grooming and so on. We have all experience of "temper," but if we try to understand the reason for this we shall nearly always find it is due, not to the horse, but to his treatment.

Fortunately horses have a better chance in this country than in the Colonies, and for that reason we

(Continued on page 18)

The following, by Kim Beattie, editor of "Bugle Notes," a weekly military page of the Evening Telegram. Toronto is from a book of verse entitled "And You!" to be published by Xmas. In a letter to the Editor of "The Goat" Mr. Beattie states it is partly an attempt at realism and partly a tribute to the cavalryman by an infantryman. We are sure our readers will appreciate it.

CHEATED!

By Kim Beattie

(An Infantryman)

(Four years the cavalry waited before surging through a gap in the broken line and into the open country beyond. But during the dead-locked years they were given many tasks and not the least was a valiant aid to over-worked ambulance men when the flood of wounded was heavy.)

Cheated of the chance to ride
Plunging and thundering through!
Troopers dreaming the trooper's dream—
Ride! Ride into the blue!
Waiting the warn of the trumpet;
Woeful they serve betimes—
Sweating the broken slogger's down
Out of the crimson climes!

The fight is won and the high ground taken;
Chalk-white masks stare up to the moon;
See! They're dotting that God-forsaken
Hillside, there, where they've lain from noon.
'Tis night, and truce, and the ghoully shadows
Peer at the dead on the shambled plain;
See! They're prowling those riven meadows,
Seeking life midst the sprawling slain!

"—Hurry, Danny, I felt him heaving;
I heard the sob of a breath in him!
"God! Too late! 'twas life just leaving—
I heard the soul sighing out from him!
"Shift him, Danny, another's under—
Hurry, hurry, the sky grows grey!"
(But Trooper Danny is retching yonder—
He took an arm and it tore away!)

"Hearken? Danny, there's something moaning—
Look, look there, where that geyser hit!
"Was it wail of the wind intoning
Or choking gasps from that crater pit?
"Damn! It's dark and he's in a puddle;
His ribs are bashed and he's bleeding bad;
"—There's his Loot in a lonesome huddle—
Hustle him onto the stretcher, lad!"

They fumble and bind in fitful darkness
A writhing thing that whimpers and twists,
And in a rocket's revealing starkness
They clinch a thong on the ragged wrists;
And gently they strain and lurch and carry;
The dressings already a crimson stain;
He raves at them that they will not tarry
And let him sink in his fog of pain!

"Look out, Danny, a salvo's coming—
Shove him into this trench awhile!
"Wonder why all the line is strumming,
Drumming it up in that wind-up style?
"Come on, Danny, to hell with cover—
Easy, easy don't jar him now!
"We'll take him down and we'll fetch another,
He that screams on that redoubt's brow!

"Whew! But that is a stiff strafe blowing—
Wipe the blood from the stretcher there;
"Snipe your gasper and let's get going,
Trouble is thick on the anxious air!
"Damn it—there go the clustered Vercys—
Yellow and green—now hell will blow!
"Ah! But when will we ride for the Jerries,
Flank to flank as we thought we'd go!

Cheated of the chance to ride
Sweeping and pounding through!
Troopers dreaming the Trooper's Dream—
Ride! Ride into the blue!
Chafing and champing and eager,
Fret for the reeling lists—
Sink the spurs to the rowell-hub—
Ride for the spurting mists!

"Some Frost"

A farmer engaged a young lad from a large town. One cold winter's morning the farmer told the boy to harness the mule to the cart. The lad took no light with him, and he was unable to see that there was a cow in the stable with the mule.

After a long delay the farmer grew impatient, and shouted, "Billy, what are you doing?"

"I can get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."

Unreasonable Wife

Senator Borah said at a dinner in Washington:

"There are some foreign nations that give us a raw deal and then reproach us for not loving them. It's like the woman whose husband said:

"Talk about inconsistency! My wife chased me out of the house with a rollin' pin this morning and then hauled me over the coals at supper time because I went off to work without kissin' her good-by."

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"Vice"

(Continued from page 16)

find them more amenable. For instance, buck-jumping is practically unknown here, but out in the prairie it is quite common—so much so, that it has become an everyday occurrence over there. This is almost entirely due to the rough treatment horses experience in their breaking, and is not due to inherent vice.

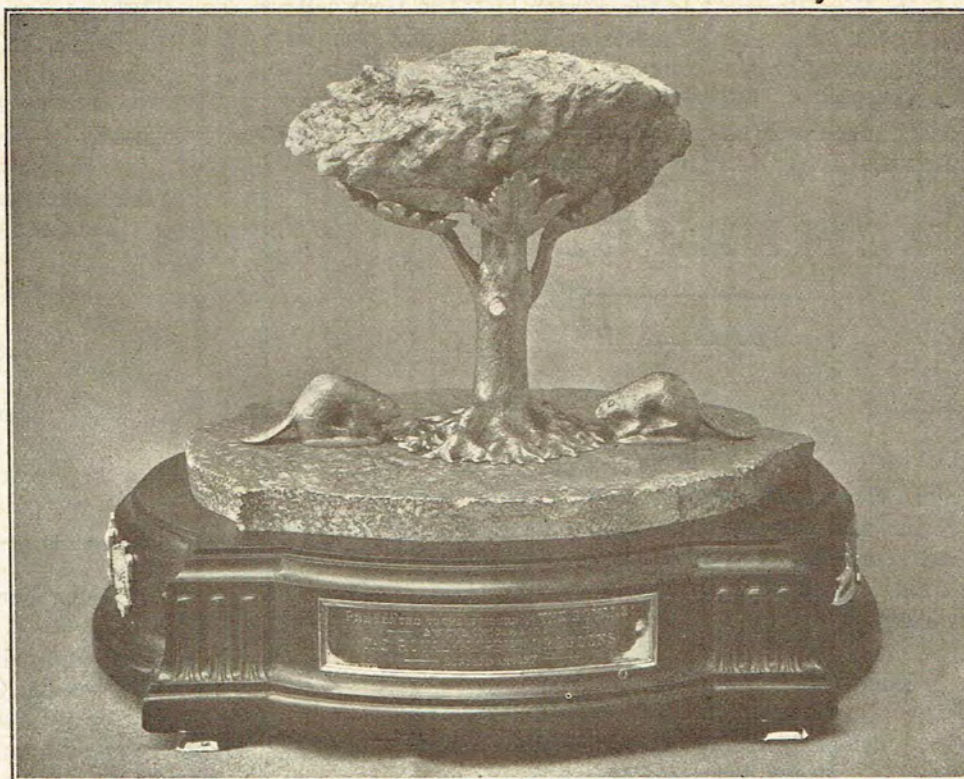
I am prepared to wager a large sum that were we to transpose our methods of handling young horses, we should have the home of buck-jumping in this country and it would die out completely over the water.

There is another very common "vice." It is called "running away." All horsemen know that this is usually due to bad horsemanship. In fact, wherever the habit has been formed it is always due to a continuance of bad riding. The horse does not want to gallop as hard as possible along the macadam road, or to go "all out" round and round a field. He does so because, first of all, he is an animal of good courage and vitality; secondly, because he has no knowledge of what is required of him. All he is aware of is a very heavy hand tugging at his mouth.

He receives no "aids" or anything to tell him of the rider's wishes, and the pain he is suffering affects his powers of reasoning and of thought. If he were "vicious" he would soon "remove" his rider, but being, as all horses are, docile by nature, and wonderfully patient and long-suffering, he bears the discomfort without ill-will, and just gallops on because he really does not know what else to do. With speed the blood surges to his head, his reasoning powers leave him, and bewildered beyond his mental capacity, he may charge into some obstacle which causes a serious accident. But the poor animal has shown no "vice" and the blame should rest entirely upon the rider or the training he has had.

Horses that have been steeple-chased naturally learn to "pull" because that is the way they have been taught. So if we take them out hunting and find them hard to stop, it is no vice. It is very much the reverse, in fact. They are doing what they think is expected of them. It is up to us as riders to re-train them, and not to blame them.

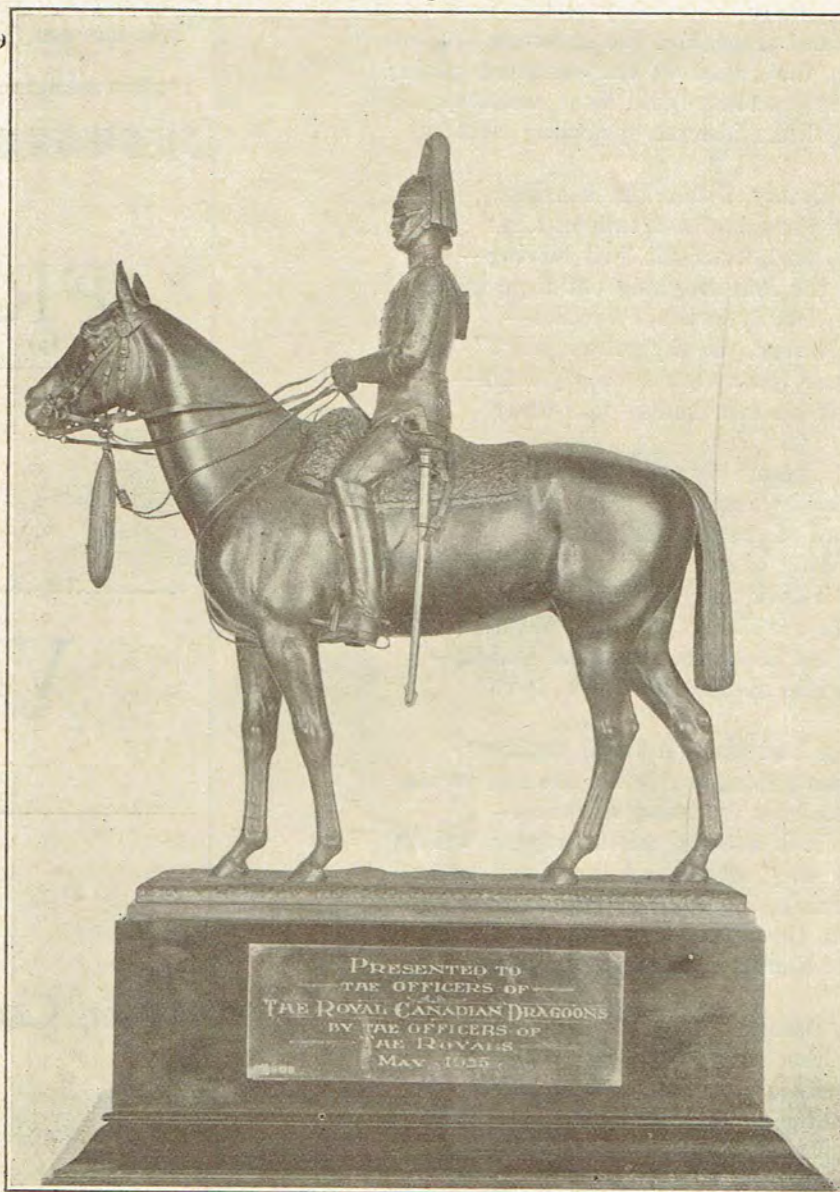
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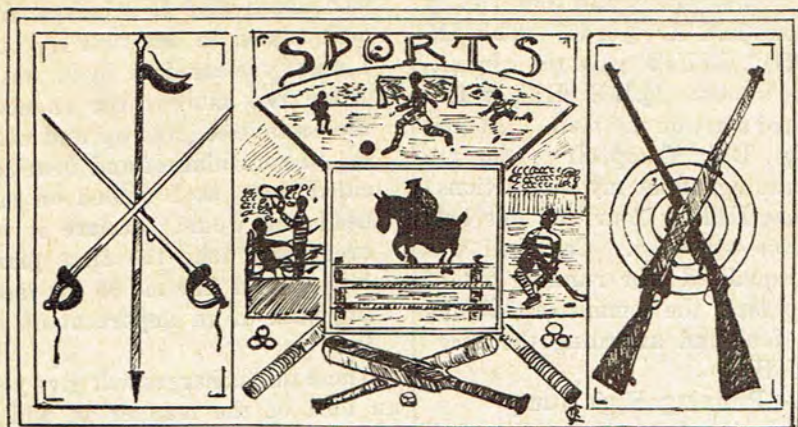
All—Canadian Trophy, presented to Officers of Royal Dragoons by the Officers of the R.C.D.

This trophy was designed by the architect of the New Parliament Bldgs., Ottawa. The base of Canadian walnut-metal base, nickel from Northern Ontario; maple tree and leaves, Northern Ontario Silver; top piece exceptionally valuable piece of gold-quartz from Northern Ontario. At one end of base is the crest of Royal Dragoons, at the other that of the R.C.D.'s.

Made by P.W. Ellis, Co., Ltd., Toronto. Shipped early in October to London, Eng., to be forwarded to "Royals" in Egypt.



Presented to Officers of R.C.D.'s by Officers of "The Royals."



Garrison 2—Singer 1

St. Johns football fans witnessed the most thrilling game of the season, Saturday, October 15th, when the Garrison and Singer Teams met to decide who was to play Cowansville in the final game for the P.Q.F.A. Cup. It was only after playing a half hour's overtime that the soldiers defeated the most dangerous rivals, the final score being 2-1. It was an ideal afternoon for a game and the Garrison went out determined to overcome the Singer who had pretty well everything their own way this year as regards League officials, and a schedule drawn up by one of their own men. Garrison suffered the handicap of going on the field minus their two regular backs namely: Capt. Hammond, who is competing at the Winter Fair, Toronto and L/Cpl. Gilmore, whose suspension kept him on the sidelines.

The soldiers won the toss and elected to defend the southern goal. Singers started strong and after two or three minutes play scored their first and only goal from a beautiful corner taken by young Stanley Maxwell. Garrison soon got into their stride, however, and for the remainder of the first half the ball hovered around the Singers goal, but although McLean made several efforts and English had a real opportunity to register a tie on a lovely centre from Cornwall the Garrison forwards could not get the sphere between the posts and the first period ended 1-0 in favour of Singer. It was apparent however, that the pace was telling on Singer and during the second half they were completely outclassed. Garrison tied the score when Nethercott handled the ball off a centre from Cornwall, the referee declaring a penalty which was taken by McLean. This, the second period ended with the score tied.

In the first overtime period English drove the ball home in a mix-up round Singers' net. From then on the soldiers slowed down a bit, but their opponents were fi-

nished, and the game ended with the score 2-1.

The game on the whole was as clean as any played this season only Merritt of Singers being cautioned by the referee a couple times for dangerous plays.

Our people missed several good opportunities and the score should have been more than it was. There was too much dilly-dallying with the ball in front of the goal, and not enough first-time shots made. Rowe was not up to his usual standard and Smoky was a bit wild during the first period. Gordon was by far the best man on the field and played well, but there is still room for improvement, Jock and if you'll come round some night to the lecture-room I'll give you a few tips and make a real player out of you. Dooley, as usual, played consistently well.

Referee:—Mr. Duquean P.Q.F.A. Montreal Clark goal; Campbell, Dawkes, Harris, Parker, Gordon, Cornwall, Rowe, McLean, English and Dooley.

ST. JOHNS CITY & DISTRICT FOOTBALL LEAGUE

With the exception of one game to play, which Farnham elected to cancel owing to the conditions of the weather and football field at that town the Garrison Football team were very successful in the St. Johns City and District football schedule, in winning 14 games and drawing one of the 15 games played during the season.

Taking everything into consideration all games were keenly contested and the play on the whole was clean and sportsman-like. Singers were our most persistent opponents.

In our out-of-town games the clubs gave our team a good reception at all times, and it will always be a pleasure to look back on the hospitality and friendly feeling shown by our opponents on our visiting games.

It would be very hard to pick out any outstanding individual player on the team as everyone

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made a good showing and put every effort they had into the games. Gilmore and Dawkes were consistently good players and Clark has proved a valuable asset in goal. Some new players have been taken on and some very promising material is in sight.

The league standing to date is given below:

Team	B	W	L	D	F	A	Pts
Garrison	15	14	0	1	90	5	29
Singer	13	7	3	3	47	31	17
Farnham	14	4	7	3	12	35	11
Hart	14	4	8	2	21	41	10
Chambly	14	1	12	1	15	76	13

St. Johns, Que.

October 7th and 8th, 1927.

To the Sporting Editor,

"THE GOAT."

According to the rules and regulations of the S.M.A.C. all protests against the actions of the club must be filed with some reliable newspaper or periodical, giving same due publicity before protests are considered. I am, therefore taking the liberty of asking you if you would kindly publish in the sporting columns of your valuable paper the protest which is based on three charges, as follows:

1.—Never, in our opinion, has such glaring favouritism been shown certain athletes by the

committee of one.

2.—A committee, according to Webster's New Standard Dictionary, means persons appointed to manage any matter. (Kindly note that "persons" is plural meaning more than one.) This same committee was a regular Mussolini—a dictator supreme, was starter of events, clerk of the course, judge at the finish for first and second places, and what is more, his word was law. Naturally there was much discontent and an hour's break was called and search made in a desperate effort to find the rest of the committee who were running the events.

But no one was found and no one knew of anyone else connected with the committee other than this same Dictator. In the final of the 100 yards dash, the feature event of the day, my man, who specialized in this event, who had trained faithfully for three months and was in the pink of condition, was run in the same heat with Q.M.S. Hill, who holds all records on the concrete road from C.N.R. Station to Brunetts and who was trained and also managed by this same committee.

My man was given two

(2) false starts and then finally penalized five yards. This INSIDE STUFF gave the committee's man Q.M.S. Hill, a five yard start on my man. At that Sgt. Bill Campbell (who was running under my instructions) beat Hill by four and one half feet,—still Sgt. Campbell was disqualified for running out of his lane, the committee claiming a foul and awarding the race to Hill.

3.—Running High Jump

Unfortunately Sgt. Campbell who had given everything he had in that infamous 100 yard event pulled a tendon and naturally had to drop out of this event. As manager and trainer of our team I consulted with the committee regarding entering in this event myself. I was told that it didn't matter who entered the high jumping (meaning the committee was going to win anyway.) In the face of this handicap our team decided to enter me in the event.

There were some real high jumpers entered, among them being Nobby Ellis, Johnny Dowdell, Jack Snape and the committee himself and myself. It finally simmered down to the committee and myself and the

bar placed at 6 ft 2 inches. We both missed on our first try but I finally cleared it by a hair. After two more futile chances the committee gave up and consulted with himself and then decided that as I landed on my head he would declare it no event and take the first prize himself and fine me \$5 for talking back to an important official.

These three charges will give you an idea of the manner in which the events were run off. The matter will no doubt be brought up at the next meeting of the S.M.A.C. when charges of a more serious nature will be dealt with. Trusting, dear editor, that this will not meet with the fate of the waste basket, I am A. Washout,

Manager and Trainer of
Bill Campbell.

P.S. I am wondering "Howe" seriously Tom will take this.

P.Q.F.A. CUP FINAL

Saturday, October 22nd Garrison won from Cowansville by the score 5-0. General King was one of the spectators.

Speaking of women's skirts—brevity is the soul of "IT."



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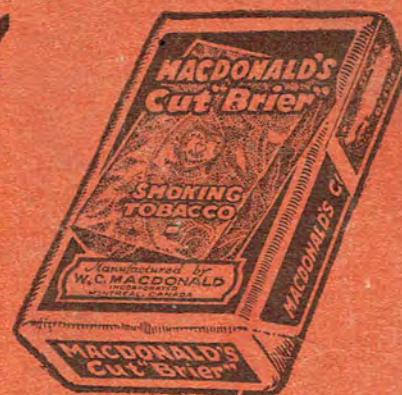


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